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the Vine

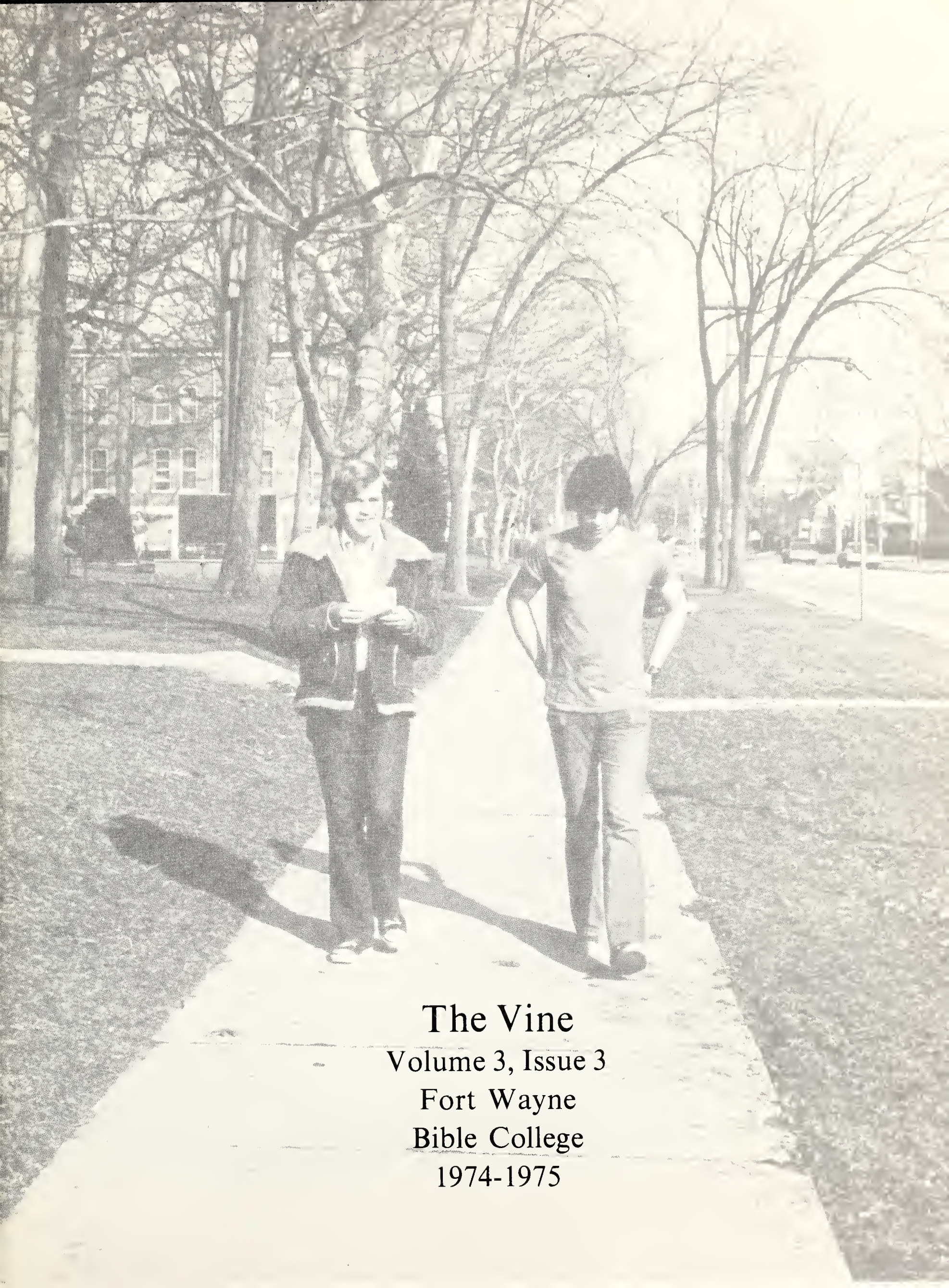
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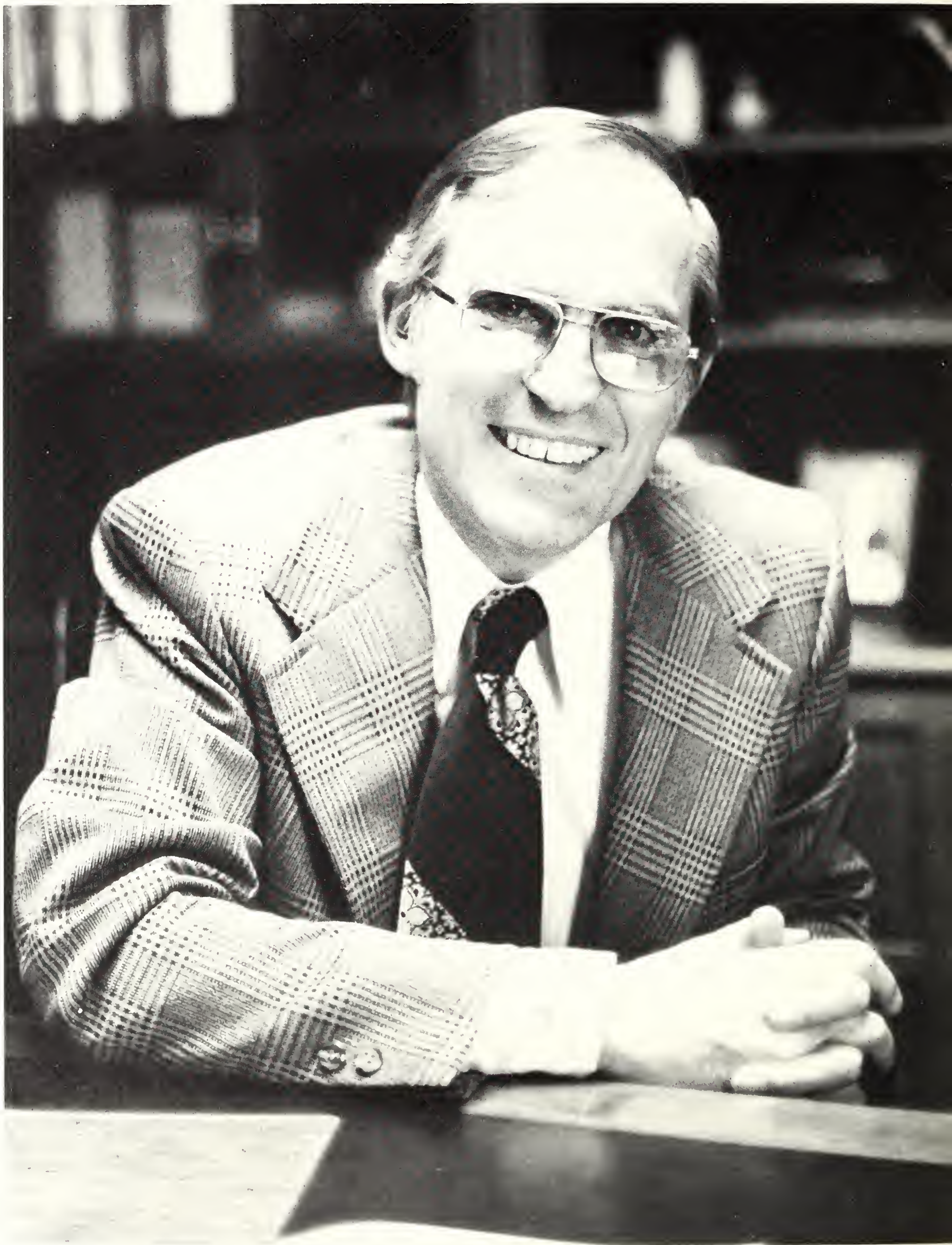
FWBC



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The Vine
Volume 3, Issue 3
Fort Wayne
Bible College
1974-1975



Still Waters

One of the greatest assets for the students, faculty, and staff of FWBC is our president—Dr. Timothy Warner. Few colleges can boast in a president who makes himself available to all the college family and takes such great pride in their accomplishments. Dr. Warner is always ready to praise those in the family for their achievements and spiritual attitudes. He is also more than willing to talk to students in the halls and tries to know each student by name. When Dr. Warner finds it necessary to scold the student body for their attitudes and behaviors, he does it very gently. He is able to point out both our strengths and weaknesses so that we come away inspired to meet the challenge of our college father.

One of the areas Dr. Warner has challenged the student body in is the private devotional life of each individual. The following is a message from Dr. Warner given on this subject.

A Good, Refreshing Drink

In his great Shepherd's Psalm David said, "He leadeth me beside the still waters." Shepherds tell us that sheep will not drink from a moving stream. The shepherd must therefore search out a pond or inlet, or in the absence of such a spot build a small breakwater or even form one with his own hands in order to have a satisfactory watering place for his

sheep.

The shepherd knows that the sheep need to be able to drink deeply and that this will not happen "on the run." They need still waters. Our Shepherd knows that we need to drink deeply of the Water of Life but that this cannot be done "on the run."

Perhaps you have seen a child trying to drink as he walked. Maybe

you have tried it. It just isn't a very satisfactory way to take a good, refreshing drink, is it? And yet how many of us try to drink "on the run," as it were, instead of allowing the Lord to lead us to still waters where unhurried and unhindered we can have a good, refreshing drink from the Scriptures.

Have you been to the still waters today?



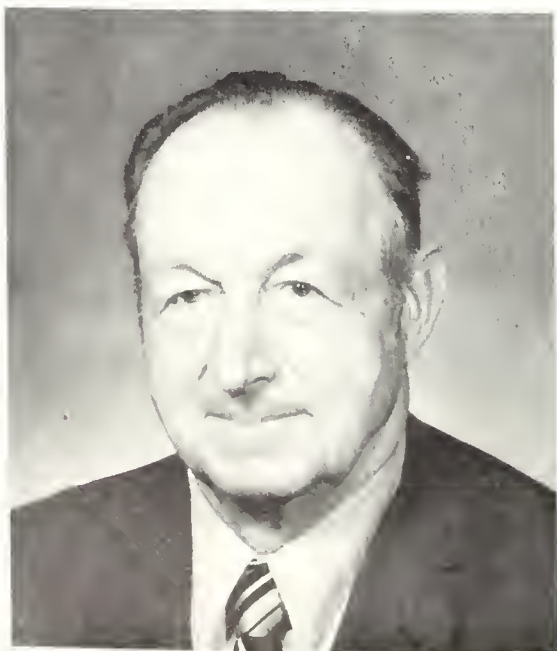
Dr. Timothy M. Warner

"Love. Real love leaves its mark on people and places. Orlys Hake is such a man. Orlys has left his mark on nearly everything he has come in contact with since he has been here." This is how one student responded when asked to describe Orlys Hake.

Orlys is retiring this year after having spent his last thirteen years working for the Physical Plant Department at FWBC.

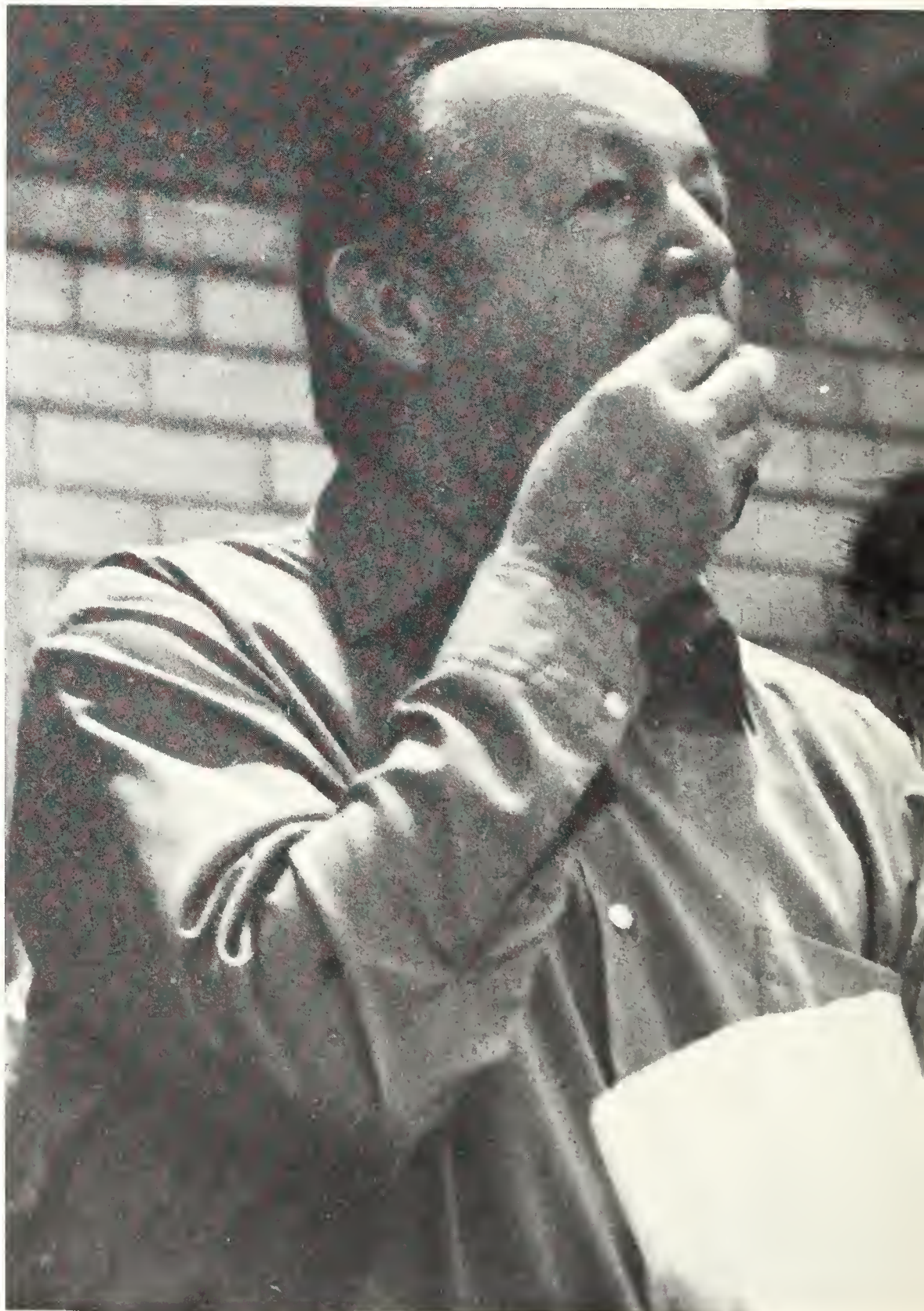
When we asked Eddie Reynolds to describe Orlys this was his reply. "Orlys has been an all round handy man as well as a highly skilled plumber. He is a happy man and really seems to enjoy his work because of his dedication and love he has for the Lord. He has a tremendous sense of humor and loves to be around young people. He is an avid fan of the basketball team and loves to see them play. Seldom does he miss a home game. Not only is he loyal to the basketball team, but also to the college as a whole. The Physical Plant will find him to be a very hard man to replace, and we wish him the best in all his future endeavors."

We at the Vine also wish to take this opportunity on behalf of the student body, faculty, and staff to express our appreciation and gratitude to Orlys for all his work on campus these past years. Thanks, Orlys, and we all wish you the best in all that you attempt to do.



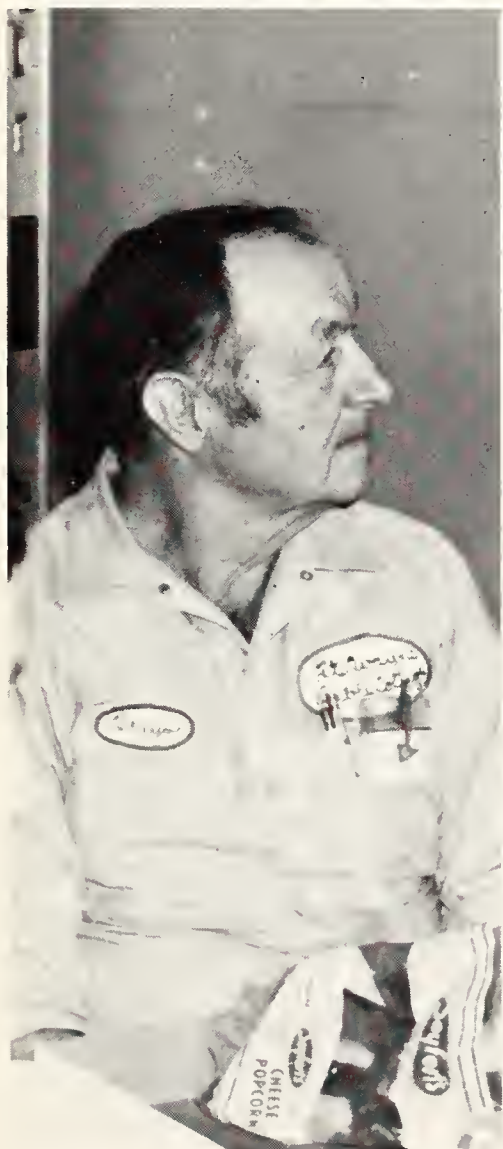
We Salute Orlys Hake

Orlys munches popcorn as he watches the Falcons win.





ABOVE: Orls packs a mean shovel.



FAR LEFT: Orls takes a break.
LEFT: Orls works on the new
Vine room in Leightner.

Cornerstone: Ron Neuenschwander, Sue Carothers, Becky Starbird, Debbie Gerig, Esther Cox, Greg Cowan, Clyde Hale.



Cornerstone Takes Spring Trek

By Clyde Hale

Excerpts from Captain's Log

Stardate: Cornerstone Spring Tour, 1975

Trip: Ten day tour covering Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and Missouri

Mileage: 1,380 miles.

Day of Departure: Friday, March 7.

Day of Return: Sunday, March 16.

The weather was gloomy, but our spirits were high. We were mighty glad to see our many hours of preparation, planning, and practicing finally materializing . . .

The concert went well. We ended up standing in a couple of strange mike positions due to first-time pressures. Our goofs were smooth ones though, and nobody noticed, except maybe Dr. Warner, who'd heard us repeat every move about 5,000 times while traveling in the car.

From East Peoria, Illinois, we traveled west to Council Bluffs, Iowa, then on to Lincoln, Nebraska for our Sunday night service. Monday morning we spent there bowling, and had scores ranging from 85 to 125. (Never break any league records that way.)

Next we traveled to Kevin Morton's ('73 B.C. graduate) church in Franklin, Nebraska. This little church was really special. It's small, but only in size. God's doing some wonderful things there in the lives of some marvelous people. After leaving his church, we traveled south to Newton, Kansas, where we were greeted



by Rod Mosiman, Faith Ewert, and Larry Hobbs. After leaving them, we went over to sing before the Kansas State Sunday School Convention. This was the largest congregation we sang for on tour. From Wichita we started back east, driving seven hours to reach the tiny village of Powersville, Missouri. Even though this was an awful small town, with a population of only 132 (after we arrived), still it will always be a favorite. Some of the wonderful Christian people, and the kind things they did, will never be forgotten.

Leaving there we continued traveling east to Hutsonville, Illinois. There we sang for a youth rally Saturday night, along with a talented local group called the Summer Singers. Next morning we managed to stick in services at two different churches. It wasn't really so hard though, considering that both churches, the only ones in town, were only a block apart.

Leaving Illinois, we started our trip back to Fort Wayne, all of us eager to start classes after a relaxing (?) and enjoyable spring break.

We in Cornerstone were very glad to have been used by the Lord, and we consider having given our spring break a privilege. It's exciting to be used by the Master and to see Him working in the lives of people, those we sang to as well as ourselves.



Ira Gerig and daughters Sara, Debbie, and Becky.

Ira Gerig Becomes Record Holder

To many at the college, singing *Jesus Loves Me* in cut time calls to mind another loving individual, Ira Gerig. Recently Mr. Gerig made a record, which he named *Jesus Loves Me*. The title is appropriate, he says, since "the fact of the wonderful love of the Savior is almost beyond comprehension to me."

On April 23, Mr. Gerig was honored for his accomplishment, in a chapel service. He had not been warned and was pleasantly surprised to walk in to "Ira Gerig, This Is Your Life." Selections from his album were played, and various members of his family appeared or sent messages. A taped message from his daughter Becky, in Texas, resulted in her unexpected, live appearance. Mr. Gerig's down-to-earth response to this display of appreciation was, "If I had known it was going to be like this, today, I would have gotten a haircut."

A poet once said that "the worth of a man can be determined from the unsolicited comments of his associates." Students, staff members, and faculty have had many things to say about Ira Gerig.

"Professor Gerig has been one of the most positive spiritual influences in my life."

"When I came here, I was scared of Dr. Warner. After all, he was the president of a college. But I was never scared of Ira."

"I've really come to love him in the Lord."



"Mr. Gerig has the ability to verbally chasten us with such love that we never feel resentment, only a desire to do better."

"He's the best pianist I've heard in a long time. I wish I was half that good."

"Ira's a very special kind of a man."

"I really love having Ira lead the chapel singing. He always gets us to do our best. He could probably get an empty chapel to sing."

Perhaps, most significant of all, is the shared expression of Mr. Gerig's three daughters: "If we had one wish to wish for all of you, it would be that you would have an earthly father who would represent the Heavenly Father's love as our father has."

“The Imperials”

Music and testimonies highlighted an evening with the IMPERIALS at the Scottish Rite Auditorium. Setting the mood for their March 20th concert, the IMPERIALS sang “We’re All Gathered Here Because We All Believe” (“Two Hands”). Fort Wayne Bible College students, in conjunction with K-Z Productions, brought the eight-member group to Fort Wayne for the musical pleasure of the 1300 people in attendance.

The Quartet, composed of first tenor Terry Blackwood, second tenor Sherman Andrus, baritone Jim Murray, and bass Armond Morales, with director Joe Moscheo and instrumentalists, is based in Nashville, Tennessee. The group was formed in the early 1960’s, when Jake Hess, who was then being featured with the Statesman Quartet, broke away to form the now-existing group. Later Mr. Hess became ill, and underwent serious operations. It was then that he turned the direction of the IMPERIALS over to Joe Moscheo. Each member of the IMPERIALS has a degree in music with the exception of Terry, who has a music minor.

The first half of the two-hour concert featured a variety of contemporary favorites including “If My People Will Pray,” and “He’s More Than You’ll Ever Know.” Requests from the audience were sung during the second half of the program; “He’s On His Way,” and “I’ve Got Confidence,” were highlights. After a challenging evening of music, the audience left the concert singing “I Just Came To Praise the Lord.”

by Kim Wills and Gwen Zeltwanger







The Staley Lectures, March 5 and 6, given by the distinguished Christian scholar, Mr. Joseph Bayly, consisted of six lectures.

"God has broken through to us . . ."

In the first lecture, "Communicating with God," the emphasis fell upon God as the initiator of communication with us. Man's attempts to set up communication in his own way sometimes ends in the occult.

"We ought not to put all our eggs in the one basket of family devotions."

One bit of advice Bayly gave in the evening lecture, "Communicating in Our Homes," was that we ought to build family rituals unique to our family. His family has a special cake for the child that finds the first spring violet.

"TV prevents our listening to each other."

In the early lecture on Spiritual Emphasis Day, Bayly gave us some pointers in "Communicating With Other Christians." Too often we wait for others to initiate a conversation. We act as if it is up to others to break through to us.

"Don't think you are witnessing only when you are giving your whole theology."

In the 11 o'clock lecture on "Communicating With Non-Christians," Bayly likened the Christian's situation to being in a top-loading washer with the centripetal and centrifugal forces keeping us in motion in the basket. We are out of circulation if we wrap around the center post of the church or if we mat against the basket of the world.

"Feel that your interests are other people's interests."

This was the advice Bayly gave in the afternoon lecture on "Communicating Through Christian Writing." In advising students how to break into print he said to forget about copying someone else's style, and to write simply what you have to say in your own vocabulary and you will find you have a style.

"Basic communication is with words."

In his last lecture, "Communicating With a Person We Love," he gave advice to the college student who is looking for a mate: don't decide too soon; have a wide circle of friends; date without thinking of marriage; thoroughly explore word communication; do not walk in the sparks of your own bonfire.

Mr. Joseph T. Bayly is Vice President of Product and Marketing for David C. Cook Publishing Company. He is a past president of Evangelical Press Association and served sixteen years on the staff of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. Among his books are *The Gospel Blimp*, *The View From a Hearse*, *Psalms of My Life*, *What About Horoscopes?* and *Out of My Mind*.

The Dollar Squeeze Becomes Real

Students Utilize Energy

Though energy in most of its forms is becoming scarce, it was very abundant Saturday, April 5, when a group of Fort Wayne Bible College students started on their long trek to North Webster, Indiana, and back in what could become the first of a series of Bike-a-thons for the college. Seven of the 30 riders finished the full course of about 92 miles, while the others rode as far as they could. The event lasted about 11 hours, including eight or ten stops used to repair bikes and rest sore muscles and for an hour lunch break after reaching North Webster. Despite the weather showing its own energy in 25 m.p.h. winds and 20 degree temperatures, the riders felt the clear, sunny day was "definitely an answer to prayer."

The brain energy behind the Bike-a-thon came from Tom Miller, a student at the Bible College. It seemed to him a good way he could help the college in the "Balance the

Budget" campaign the students were undertaking. It took about three weeks to set up the Bike-a-thon, in-



ABOVE: Group 3, headed by John Jones prepares to leave. BELOW: Part of group 6, headed by Ray Cross, leaving the city.

cluding a trip to Taylor University to get 35 bike flags and reflectors for the riders. It was set up to bring in about \$2,000 . . . the students are now expecting the total to be at least \$3,500!

Where did all this "green energy" come from? Well, the object of the Bike-a-thon was to get people to sponsor a rider for a set amount of money per mile, then to have the rider go as many miles along the route as possible. A sponsor was anyone who was willing to donate the money in this manner. "The response of people to sponsor us was great," said Craig Pearson, one of the riders. Even advertisement in the local news medias brought in about \$600, while Raymond Cross solicited the highest individual amount of \$464 for the peddling expedition.

Though it was a cold, windy day, the students were excited about being able to help "ride a debt away."

by Ted Ralston



Students Lose Sleep Over Budget

What is a Thing-a-thon? Friday, April 18th and Saturday, April 19th saw a new type of money-making idea in action, called a Thing-a-thon. It was composed of a number of marathon events being run simultaneously over two time periods.

Some events were 24 hours in duration and began at 10 P.M. Friday and ran until 10 P.M. Saturday. Other events were only 10 hours in duration and ran from 7 A.M. Saturday to 5 P.M. Saturday.

Over eighty students participated in the events to help raise money. The money came in through sponsors

staying awake through the dark hours of the night. Participants were helped in their efforts by encouraging each other, by the fact that the snack bar remained open all night and food was available, by the prodding of the officials, by a surprise visit by faculty member Joan Mayers at 3 A.M. with a tray of fresh cookies, and by opening windows to let the cold night air in. Daylight was greeted by all with a sigh of relief.

Before the sky had been light for very many hours, the 10 hour marathoners rolled out of bed and turned up to start the events. By 7 A.M. these events were in full swing:



which the participants contacted to give so much per hour for as long as they lasted in their particular event.

It was a lot of work, but it was a lot of fun. The 24 hour events were all held in the Student Union building. The events were as follows: Quiet-a-thon, Billiard-a-thon, Chess-a-thon, Study-a-thon, Read-a-thon, Monopoly-a-thon, and Official-a-thon. Almost thirty hardy souls were entered in one of these events, and began their ordeal at 10 P.M. Friday.

Things went well for the first few hours. Around midnight, however, most of the spectators returned to their beds and the real work began...

Volleyball-a-thon, Piano-a-thon, Basketball-a-thon, Tennis-a-thon, Walk-a-thon, Car-Wash-a-thon, and Mop-a-thon. Despite the cool weather and the dripping clouds, most events finished on schedule and weary participants hit the sack Saturday evening in good time to get a full night's sleep.





ington dorm and Witmer Hall. VOLLEYBALL-A-THON: this event was also rained out Saturday afternoon, but they finished it in the gym after the Athletic Banquet that evening. READ-A-THON: Violet Miyasato and Pee-Wee proved once and for all who the campus bookworms are. BILLIARD-A-THON: Kathy Wilson and Randy Costello played 150 games of pool during the 24 hours. STUDY-A-THON: five students caught up a backlog of homework and collected over \$540 doing so. CHESS-A-THON: our two campus chess masters are Rob Diamond and Guy Suzuki, who played over 45 games in the 24 hour period. QUIET-A-THON: nine girls started out try-

marathon events that were held over the weekend, with over 80 people participating. Behind them were over 550 sponsors pledging a total of \$3,331.88. As the money began coming in, it became evident that more was being given than had been pledged. At this writing the projected final returns will be almost \$4,000, if not more. And for that, we praise God.

The whole idea was developed by students who were concerned about FWBC's financial crisis and who wanted to help. All of the students and faculty members who cooperated in this fund-raising effort demonstrated the closeness and unity that is evident in this college family.

by Ken Wideman



Some highlights of the events were as follows: CAR-WASH-A-THON: the all-girl car washing team cleaned over 35 cars and were tipped over \$46. TENNIS-A-THON: high winds and rain puddles on the courts brought this event to an early close on Saturday, but they finished it after school the following week. PIANO-A-THON: four piano students had tired fingers at the end of the day plus all of next weeks practicing done. BASKETBALL-A-THON: from a game total of 2,436 points, Coach got 501 points for over \$500 in sponsor money. MOP-A-THON: Gwen Zeltwanger cleaned floors all day in Lex-

ington to be quiet, but only one finished the 24 hours without a word—Carol Gushe. OFFICIAL-A-THON: some of the officials who ran the events got sponsored for doing just that—officiating. YAK-A-THON: Al Yerke was sponsored at \$14.15 per hour to talk non-stop and succeeded in talking for 10 hours. PIE-A-THON: Monday in chapel some of the college family submitted to getting hit with a cream pie in the face, at ten dollars a shot. LEAVE-A-THON: Kent Fishel was so popular with some people that they sponsored him to leave town for the weekend.

There were a total of 17



Spring Thing



Spring is Carolyn, Dan, and frisbee.



Spring is time to put some music in the air.



Spring is time to move out of the library.



Spring is time to pretend to study under the trees.



Spring is getting those legs in shape.



Spring is Frank Martin running with a smile.



Spring is Dewey and Dianna sharing a sack lunch.



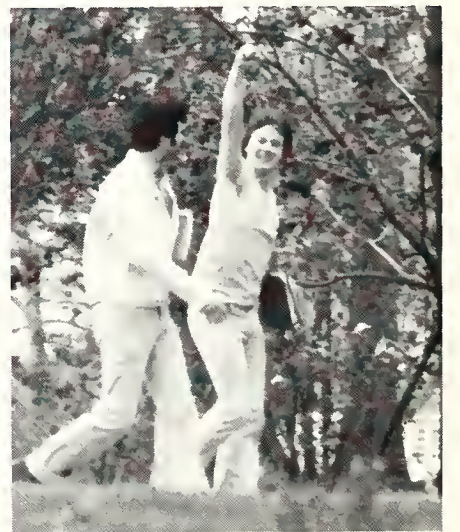
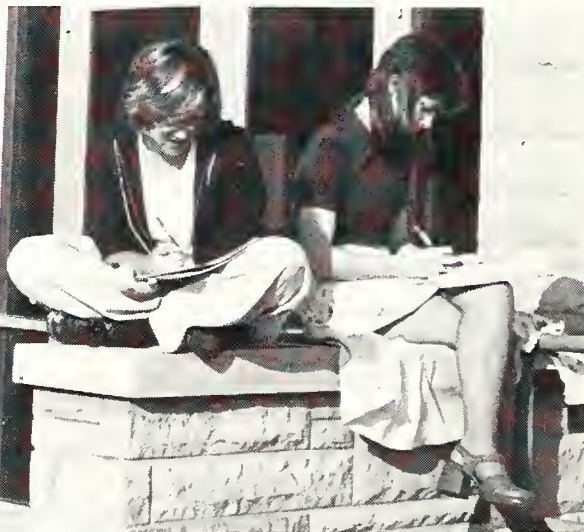
Spring is a pleasure ride for Dean.



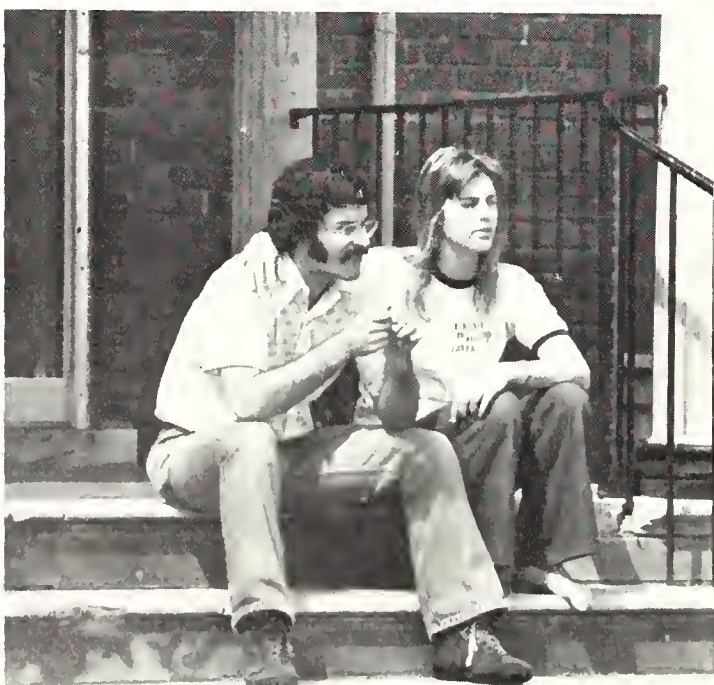
Spring is time for team work in caring for the earth.



Spring is time to write poetry for Miss Strahm's English class.



Spring is time to cut chapel.



Spring is time to be Gay and barefoot.



Spring is a time to be with the guys.



Spring is green grass and bright tulips.



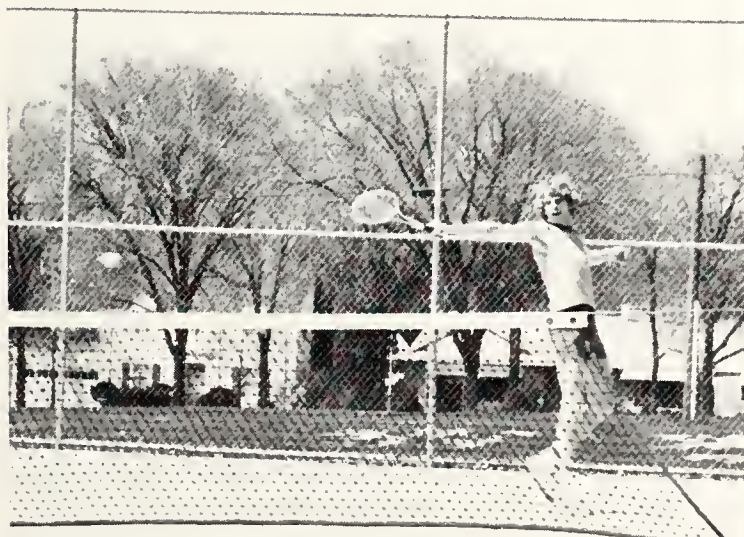
Spring is walking alone and seeing God's artistry.



Spring is release from every set of four walls on campus.



Spring is a patient wait for Dan.



Spring is Ray in control on the courts.



Spring is time to get out the bike for Jenny Thornton.

Variety In One Acts

Where can one go on a Thursday, Friday, or Saturday night to see tragedy, side-splitting comedy and thought-provoking drama? Well, if you missed the three one act plays presented by the Fort Wayne Bible College Drama Series on February 27, 28, and March 1, you may never get another chance quite like that one.

The Lottery, written by Shirley Jackson and dramatized by Brainerd Duffield, depicted the foolish and irrational logic behind many of our foolish traditions. The annual lottery attracts all of the local citizens and yet, inevitably, ends in calamity for one of them.

Percival Wilde's *The Lost Elevator*, contrasts the seriousness of the previous play with the hilarious situation of eleven people stuck in an elevator, each one having his own ideas of how the problem might be solved. Unbeknown to the others, one young man has bribed the elevator operator to stop the car in order to make amends with his ex-fiance, whom he had followed into the elevator. All is well that ends well. The young couple are re-engaged while the rest of the passengers are relieved to find the elevator now able to operate at top efficiency.

Aria da Capo by Edna St. Vincent Millay beings with the frivolous and silly conduct of two clowns. In contrast, the play continues with two simple and innocent shepherds playing a simple game which leads to hatred and bitterness with fatal consequences. Though originally an anti-war play, the parable exposes modern man's apparent apathy toward others who need love and understanding.

In addition to those involved in acting, many other students labored behind the scenes making stage props, regulating lights, finding appropriate costumes, and doing make-up. As usual, the technical crew was faced with a number of problems. "How can we possibly fit twenty-nine people on the stage without overcrowding?" "Can major make-up changes be done in ten minutes?" These only begin the list of potential production hazards, but the crew worked at top efficiency and deserve commendation.

In retrospect, the cast and crew feel that the long weeks of hard work in preparation for the production were well rewarded by the positive audience reaction. Each student involved sincerely appreciated the concern and patience exhibited by our highly respected director, Mr. Soden.

by David Sjoberg

ABOVE: Newspaper girl Kathy Wilson enjoys being marooned on a lost elevator.
BELOW: Cindy Frederick pleads for her life as Bob Wido opens the marked paper.





TOP: Evelyn Hadley applies the finishing touches to Charles Fox before he makes his entrance. MIDDLE: Linda Taylor applies her make-up as smiling Paulette Smith looks on. BOTTOM: "Smile, you're on Candid Camera!!" says Ken Wideman.

An "Award-Winning" Drama

by Charles Fox

The Time: April 5, 1975

The Setting: A private dining room in Founders' Hall at Fort Wayne Bible College.

Act One

Scene One: As the curtain rises, the cast begins to enter. The scene is set for a banquet. After all have eaten, Master of Ceremonies Tim Patch calls the meeting to order. He then gives the floor to Mr. Soden, who summarizes the year's dramatic activities. Jim Hulbert is then asked to present the awards for 1974-75.

Scene Two: As the curtain rises, Jim Hulbert is seen standing by a table laden with trophies. The cast waits in nervous anticipation. The presentation begins, with the following individuals receiving awards:

Rho Delta Sigma Acting Awards

Kathy Buxton for Amelia Hallit in *A Mighty Fortress*; Cindy Frederick for Kaweilla in *A Mighty Fortress*; Jan Hoffman for Narcissa Whitman in *A Mighty Fortress*; Tim Stair for Joe Wilson in *A Mighty For-*

tress; Bronwyn Cartmel for Columbine in *Aria Da Capo*; Pennyann Coleman for Romantic Old Maid in *The Lost Elevator*

Rho Delta Sigma Technical Awards

Linda Taylor for Stage Manager for *A Mighty Fortress*; Charles Fox for Drama Assistant for Three One Acts; Evelyn Hadley for Make-Up for Three One Acts.

Rho Delta Sigma Senior Award

Leslie McLouth

The Senior Award is presented to the graduating senior who has collected the highest number of points for dramatic work while at Fort Wayne Bible College. After the awards presentations is over, the banquet is adjourned.

Act Two

Scene One: The following persons are initiated into Rho Delta Sigma, Fort Wayne Bible College's honorary religious drama society, in a solemn ceremony following the banquet:

Peggy Beck, Charles Fox, Cindy Frederick, Linda Taylor, Don Myers, Steve Gerig, Tim Stair

Membership in Rho Delta

Sigma is limited to those individuals who earn a minimum of forty points working on the college's dramatic productions. In addition, each individual is evaluated on the basis of academic excellence and Christian character before he is invited to accept membership in the society.



Tim Patch, Master of Ceremonies

Award recipients: Tim Stair, Bronwyn Cartmel, Linda Taylor, Cindy Frederick, Leslie McLouth, Penny Coleman, Jan Hoffman, Charles Fox.



Death Is Dealt With

Death is often an unspeakable and avoided subject in most contemporary circles. Yet, in order to have a ministry in which one is able to handle all types of personal problems, the subject of death must be understood, at least in part. For this reason a mini-seminar was held March 25 and 26 dealing with the problem of death. The guest speakers included Chaplin Tews, former chaplain at Lutheran Hospital, and Reverend Joesph Baker, pastor of Faith Baptist Church. Reverend Baker had just finished a year long in-depth study on the subject with his congregation. Also present were the college's own Joy Gerig, and Dr. Warner.

The panel discussed many questions and comments submitted by the student body. The underlying idea behind the discussion was the need for feelings to be expressed and facts to be faced about death.

The panel discussion was preceded by a chapel service on Tuesday, March 25 by Dr. Warner. He shared some deep and obviously very traumatic feelings about death that he went through as a young man, enabling us to "feel", in a sense, the way one who has had close contact with death would feel. This was further ex-

emplified during Wednesday's panel discussion.

Such practical subjects as wills, funerals, and burial arrangements were discussed, giving good insight in the procedure used in the period between death and burial.

One of the major emphases of the panel discussion was the topic of dealing with a mate or close friend of the deceased. It was pointed out that a shoulder to cry on is often more comforting than anything else we have to offer. It was also pointed out that the family of the widow (er) can be of great help to the person if they are willing to lend a helping hand not only during the funeral, but also for many months after that.

All in all, the panel discussion proved very helpful to not only those who plan on entering into a pastoral ministry, but to everyone, because everyone will someday lose a close friend or relative.

by Bob Wido



BOTTOM (left to right): Reverend Joesph Baker, Chaplin Tews, Dr. Warner, and Joy Gerig.



JAN SHOREY traveled to Japan, spending six weeks in a gospel team ministry and six weeks in a camp ministry as a nurse and counselor, working with Mary Ellen Gudeman, a '64 graduate with TEAM.

FLOSSIE JOHNSON returned to Japan to work with her missionary parents with the Wesleyan Mission. She helped with music in the churches and did tract evangelism on the streets and in train stations.



MARTI FOX and TAMARA SIEMANTEL were neighbors, so to speak, in the global village. Marti worked under OMS in Colombia, and Tamara in Ecuador next door.

Jamaica was home part of the summer for GEOFF EUBANK, GARY GILPIN, JEFF HOFFMAN, Mr. Cartmel, his wife, and his daughter Jenny. They went to Jamaica by invitation of the Missionary churches, assisting in church work.

SANDY BUCKLES worked south of the border, traveling to Mexico under World Gospel Crusades. She worked in orphanages—putting on programs for kids, gardening and painting—and distributing the gospel of John door-to-door.

Playing 2-3 basketball games a day, BILL CAMPBELL shared his faith by song and testimony as he traveled in eastern Africa with Venture for Victory. On Sundays the team split into smaller teams to minister in churches.

A SUMMER ON FOUR CONTINENTS

FRONT ROW: Richard Black, Ray Cross, Larry Lewis,
Don Phillips, Rod Mosiman, Dale Ackerman, Bill Stabler,
Gordon Nickel, Coach Fishel, Coach Morley. BACK
ROW: Todd Habegger, John Jones, Dan McMillan, Craig
Pierson, Scott Dell, Bill Campbell.



Deb Trusdle, Cindy Graeff, Rex Forbes, Stephanie Morris,
 Deb Greenawalt, Jeannie Gerig, Deb Burkeen



Cynthia Graeff
 Deb Greenawalt
 Jeannie Gerig
 Stephanie Morris
 Deb Burkeen



One on one.



finishes last as usual.

On your mark, get set, GO.



Todd's favorite exercise—jumping rope.





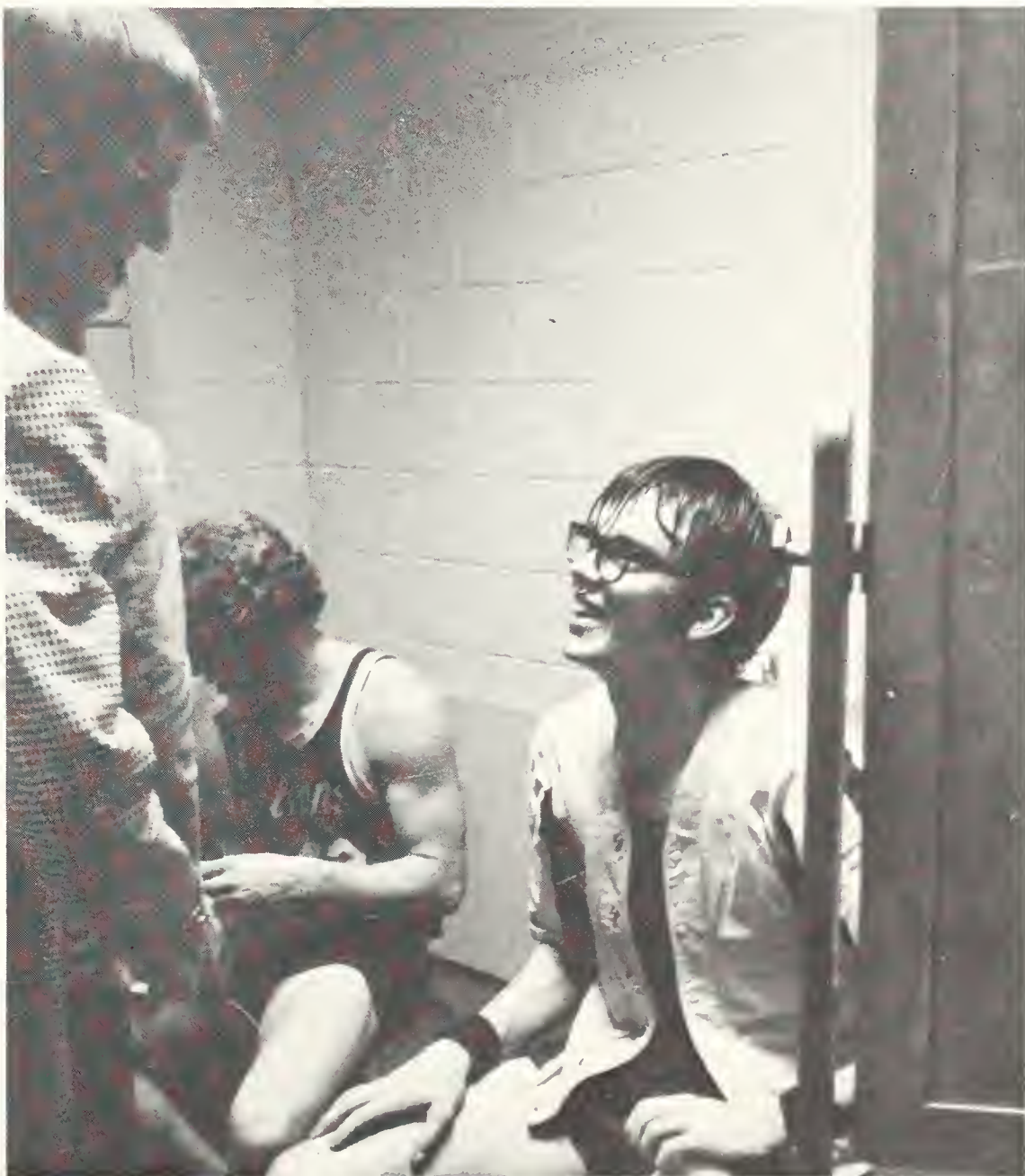
Practicing long hours every day;
 Practicing with tired, aching bodies.
 Accepting victory with satisfaction,
 Accepting defeat knowing they tried their
 best.
 Hearing the spirited cheers of the crowd,
 Hearing the criticism of a determined
 coach.
 Sharing the praise with their teammates,
 Giving the glory to the One who is the rea-
 son for it all.

LEFT: Mental preparation never ends. BELOW: Winning is living.

Many people at FWBC have this misconstrued idea that the basketball season begins in November. Well, in a sense it does, but what about all that free time in September and October? Well, That's not free time. That time belongs to Coach Morley as he leads a group of rookies and veterans into another season. No success comes without work, and Falcon Basketball is no exception. Eight weeks prior to the unveiling of a new season Foster Park becomes a reality to all ballplayers. Once the foe (Foster Park) has been defeated, it's time to do a whole lot of Coach's misconstrued ideas of fun. Killers, baselines, and defense drills are just a few. In all, it lasts about two hours, and what comes out of the gym are men more prepared for tomorrow than they were yesterday.

When Bill Campbell was asked about preseason his response was, "I hate it, but it does prepare one for the season. It's a bear to go through, but it pays off when during a game a player knows he is better prepared than his opponent."

Yes, it all pays off.



Falcons In Action



Coach Morley gives final instructions.

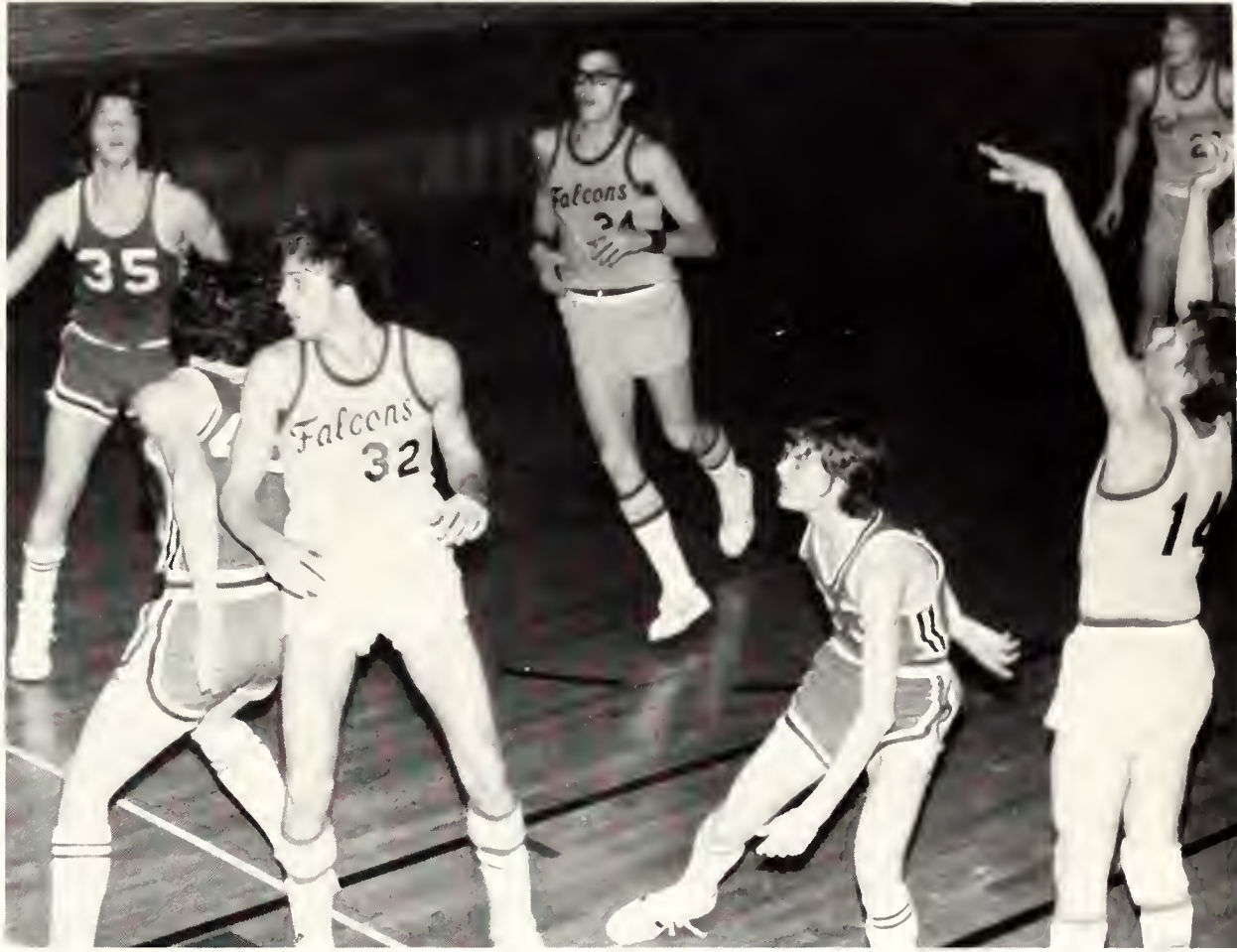
John Jones eagerly waits for the ball.

Bill goes up for two more.





Rod Mosiman sets to pass.



Gordon shoots while Todd, Bill, and Larry close in on the boards.

Everything's looking up for the Falcons.



Coach Leads By Example

During my years at FWBC the person whom I consider one of my closest friends is Coach Morley. Coach is directly responsible for all that I have achieved athletically while here at FWBC, but even more I have enjoyed those things he has given me and taught me outside of a player-coach relationship.

As I write I find the words hard to come by. This is understandable when one tries to capture the concepts of respect, sportsmanship, pride, and love.

Coach Morley is the type of person who teaches these concepts not merely by words but by an active example.

Coach is a proud individual but this pride is positive. He is highly competitive, but coupled with his competitiveness are great amounts of sportsmanship and respect.

As an athlete under Coach, there were many demands but I did not answer to those. I answered to his example. I knew that Coach knew what he was doing. The actions of the team

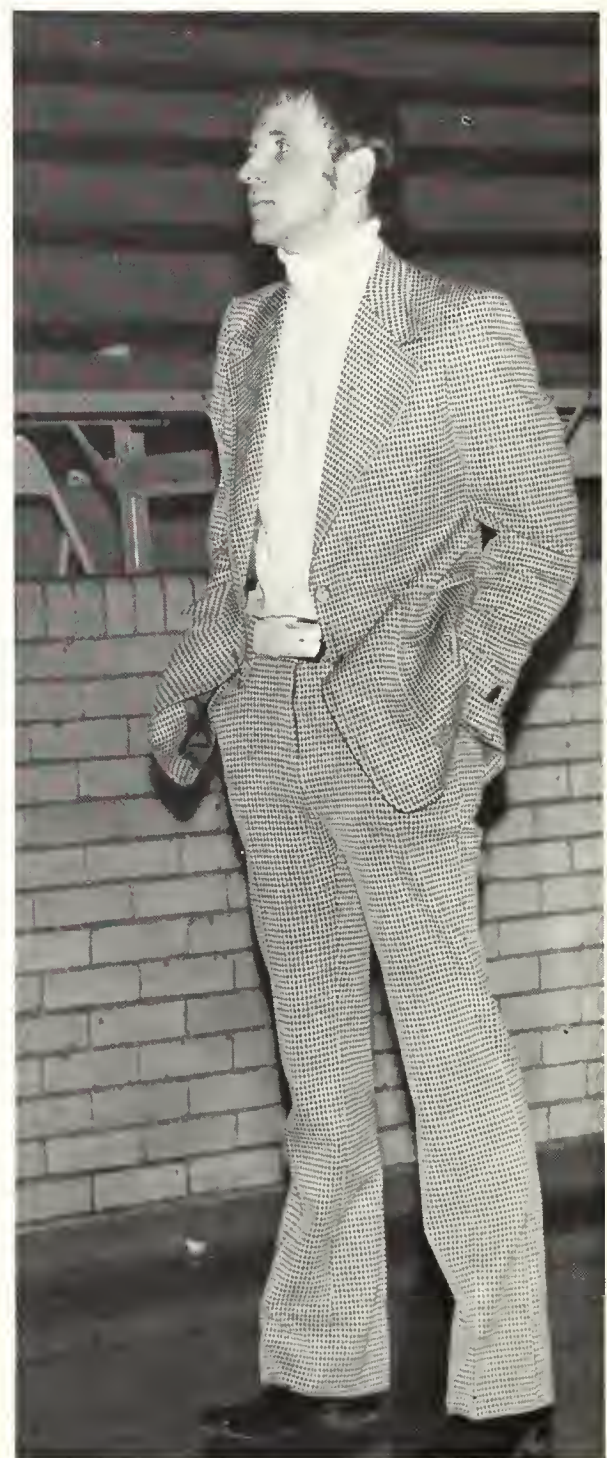
both on and off the court is in direct relationship to the devotion and leadership Coach has given to the team.

It has been my privilege to be a player for Coach Morley. I have seen his good and bad; I have experienced his victories and losses. I have come to know the total person. I have come to love this individual for what he is, for what he means to me, and for letting me be his friend. Coach, thanks for a great career.

by Bill Campbell



TIME OUT



Guess who lost?



Coach makes his point very clear.



See, I told you it would work.

Managers Play An Important Part

Raymond shows us his style.



One part of the Falcon Basketball program that plays a big part yet hardly has anything written about it is the managers. Without the dedication of Richard Black and Ray Cross the Falcons may never have taken the floor.

Just what does a manager do? Well, first of all, the managers are responsible for the players. It is their job to keep them as healthy as possible. This includes all things from taping ankles to caring for blisters. Also the managers are in charge of seeing that each player gets his uniform and that it is laundered for games and practices. And last but not least the managers are the ones in charge of keeping accurate statistics during games. This takes dedication, and we thank Richard and Ray for the great job they have done.

Sometimes it's a very lonely job.



Habegger Earns Murchison Award



Moments after receiving his award are Todd and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Habegger. Standing on

left is Mr. Ira Murchison of the Murchison Foundation. On right is Coach Morley.

TODD HABEGGER, Chapel Quotes, March 17, 1975

"I find it hard to express what I want to express. I appreciate it.

First, I want to thank Coach Morley for everything he had to do with this award. He said some very nice things on the nomination slip he had to turn in. He also said some very nice things down at the banquet in Chattanooga on Thursday night. And I want to express my appreciation to him for everything that he has meant to me in the last three years; for being the coach that he is and for being the person that he is. Thanks a lot, Coach, for that.

I just want to express this morning, also, my praise to the Lord for leading me to FWBC. It's been kind of awesome the last few days. Coach called me at 7:30 on Tuesday morning about the award. You know I'm not too excitable anyway, but I was half asleep, and I said, "Wow, no kiddin'? That's pretty nice." It didn't really hit me right away, y'know, what it was all about. But I'd just like to share with you a little bit this morning about the things that did come to my mind after I started thinking about it. I just want to praise God this morning for leading me to FWBC, because, when I stop and think about the type of education I'm getting here; when I stop and think about the friendships that have been made

here—both casual and close—very close, and things like that; when I stop and think about the associations with a coach like this, with team members I have been with, like playing on a Christian squad, and then stop and think about God opening the doors to go on Venture for Victory trips the past two summers and now an award such as this I, I just . . . it's hard for me to take it all in. I know God's working in my life. As some of you know, I've come from a Christian home and I've come from a Missionary Church background; and you're probably saying, "Well, you probably decided on coming to FWBC when you were in the fifth grade." But if you had asked me Christmas of my senior year if I would ever consider going to FWBC, I would have laughed because things were going pretty well at North Side, and I was looking forward to going somewhere else; I didn't ever think FWBC would be the place for me. But the Lord had different plans. He used such people as Reverend Strubhar, who was a member of our church too, and all sorts of different people to show me that a Bible College education makes sense, and I could just feel that that's where the Lord wanted me. And I just want to thank each one of you this morning for the contribution you've made to my life . . . and the contribution that FWBC has made to my life. And I just hope that through this award that the Lord will be praised. Thank you.

Falcon Awards

1st year letter winners

Rod Mosiman
Gordon Nickel
Scott Dell
John Jones
Don Phillips
Dale Ackerman

Contribution Awards

Craig Pierson
Bill Stabler

Managers

Richard Black—letter
Ray Cross—letter jacket

2nd year letter winners

Dan McMillan

3rd year letter winners

Todd Habegger
Larry Lewis

4th year letter winner

Bill Campbell
110 games
503 rebounds
1202 points
6th leading career scorer
4th leading career rebounder

Special Team Awards

Leading free thrower:
Larry Lewis, 84.8%

Leading Rebounder:
Todd Habegger, 438

Leading Scorer:
Bill Campbell, 500 points

Most Improved Player:
Todd Habegger

Most Improved Player:
Bill Campbell

Sportsmanship-Hustle Award:
Scott Dell

Larry Lewis

Honorable Mention All-City
All Tourney—Conference Tournament
Second Team All Conference

Todd Habegger

First Team All-City (unanimous)
All District Selection
Murchison Award
Second Team All Conference
Second Team NCCAC All American

Bill Campbell

First Team All-City
All Tourney—Bethel
First Team All-Conference
Best Defensive Player, 2nd semester
MVP
Venture for Victory



Back: Patti Feightner, Sharon Brumbaugh, Colleen Lee, Becky Travis, Connie Webb, Deb Kehl, Paula Pike, Coach Miller, Robin Bagley, Deb

Burkeen, Ruth Keidel, Sue Herman, and Amy Phillips.

Falconettes Play Full Schedule

Tri-State College, Anderson, Manchester, Grace—these were just a few of the major colleges that this year's girls' basketball team faced. Some were schools much larger with well-developed girls' athletic programs; yet the Falconettes finished their season with a 5-8 win-loss record.

Their wins came in contests with John Wesley College, Grand Rapids School of Bible and Music, Bethel College, St. Francis, and Anderson College. The losses were from Tri-State, Concordia Lutheran of Ann Arbor, Marion, Manchester, Earlham, Grace, Huntington, and Marianne of Indianapolis.

By the end of the season the girls had discovered unity and the art of

playing together and won the last three games in a row. One of the most exciting times of the season was in the last nine seconds of the bout with Anderson in which Fort Wayne was down by one point. The ball was passed to Amy Phillips who drove to the baseline and sank a jump shot from 15 feet out. Amy ended the season as high scorer. Another exciting event was the first conference tournament for girls' basketball teams, which was held in Ann Arbor. The Falconettes brought home third place.

Some of the best times, however, were the trips to and from the games with their own a cappella choir, the swapping of food from sack lunches,

Angie Lee's "All right, now!" and Sharon Brumbaugh's singing "Thank You, Lord." The team discovered a closeness and unity that can only be experienced through Christ's love.

Their sportsmanship on the court exemplified Christ's love also. Many positive comments were made by the other teams, coaches, and referees. Fort Wayne Bible College can be very proud of the way in which the girls represented it this year.

The members of the teams are Robin Bagley, Sharon Brumbaugh, Deb Burkeen, Sue Herman, Deb Kehl, Ruth Keidel, Angie Lee, Colleen Lee, Amy Phillips, Becky Travis, and Connie Webb.

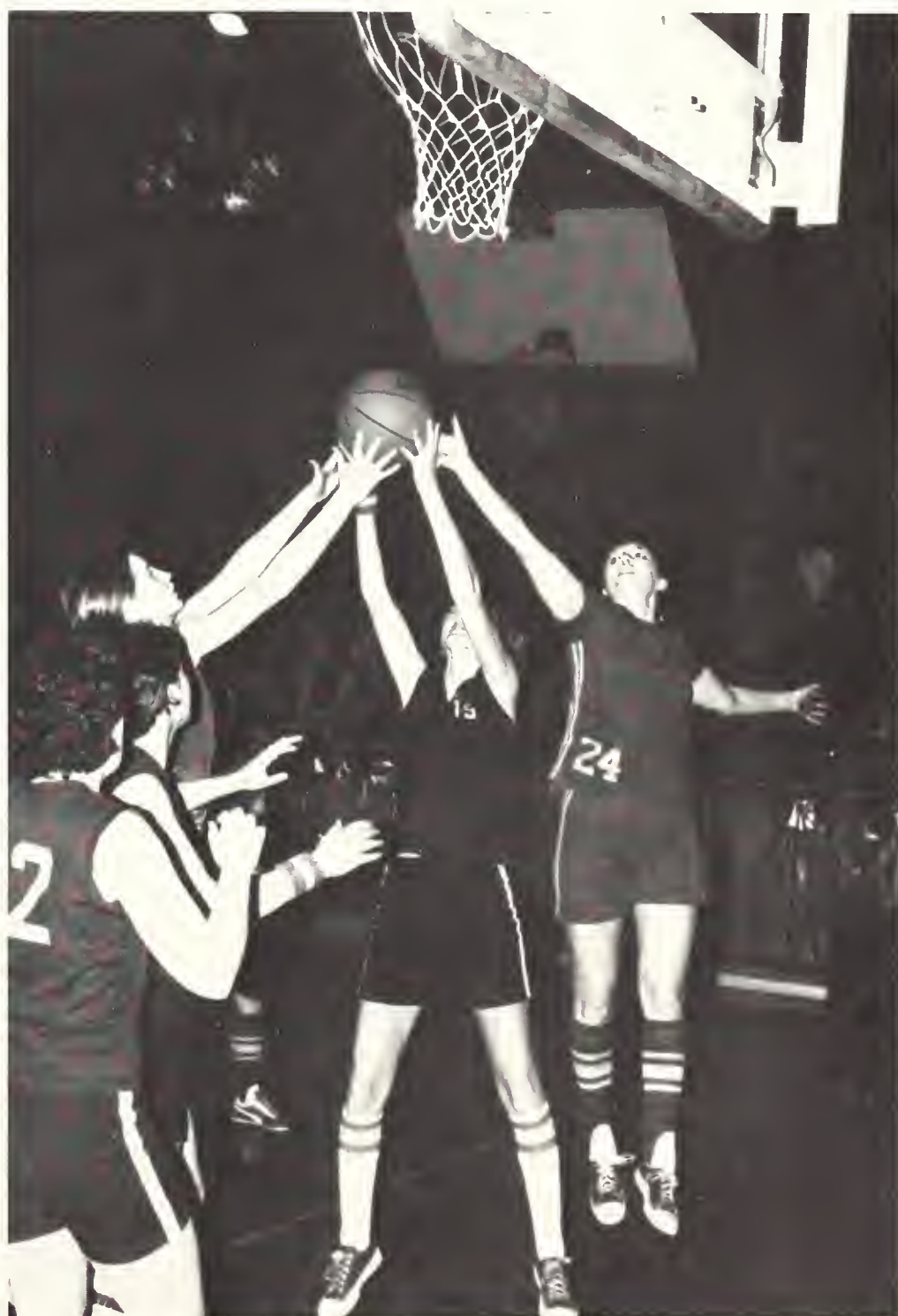
by Deb Burkeen



ABOVE: High scorer, Amy Phillips in control. BELOW: Becky Travis with a deadly shot.



ABOVE: But, Amy, the book says to do it this way. BELOW: Deb Kehl and Becky Travis stretch for the ball.



“Love Is . . .” Was

“Love Is . . .” two months of hard work . . . a nine-member committee devoting time and effort, together . . . nervousness and jitters . . . a beautiful evening at “The Abbey” at the Baer Field Hilton . . . a wonderful memory.

This year the Valentine Banquet was held, appropriately, on February 14. Paper flower bouquets of the colors of love (red, pink, and white) added to the cute atmosphere of the “Love Is . . .” cartoons by Jim, while a Swiss steak dinner was leisurely enjoyed by all.

After the intermission, emcees Clyde Hale and Kelly McMichael removed their tux coats and donned black leather jackets and sun-glasses to entertain the crowd with music and humor. They were accompanied, involuntarily, by Dean Wes Willis and Dale Ackerman in a new and different rendition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s poem “How Do I Love Thee?” and the laughter could not be contained! Then Jack Ross and Woody Bowles (of Ross and Bowles) followed with a program of country music, bringing the evening at “The Abbey” to a close. The banquet program then resumed in Founder’s Memorial Auditorium with the showing of “The Great Race.”

“Love Is . . .” really was, thanks to Paulette Smith (chairman), Clyde Hale, Kathy Lehman, Jane Greiser, Dawn Hanni, Ed Weirrick, Jerry Miller, Marsha Rohrs, and Tim Stair, with help from Dave Weikel (photographer) and Jim Chupp (art work).

by Violet Miyasato



Ross And Bowles





LEFT: Leslie McLouth and Tom Miller enjoy the food at the banquet.



BELOW: Ann Steury and Frank Martin exchange table talk.



“Pieces Of April” Put Together



At 8 p.m. on Friday evening, April 25, 1975, the Junior Class honored the Seniors with a banquet, “Pieces of April,” at the Sheraton in downtown Fort Wayne.

Wesley Willis, M.C. “extraordinaire,” hosted the evening festivities. His original jokes and pointed social comment set the mood for the evening. Fortunately, Steve and Maria Gardner provided the music and their concert changed that mood. We all enjoyed their songs, many written by Steve himself, and we were built up as they shared their love for Christ with us.

The guests were greeted by Junior men at the entrance of the Sheraton who nobly opened their car doors, helped them out, and then parked the cars. They were then escorted to the second floor where the banquet was held. Many had pictures taken by Jim Moore at the display of oriental rugs.

Jenny Parish and Greg Hooley, class Vice-President and President organized many of the details of the banquet. Other members of the committee were Deb Burkeen, food; Clyde Hale, entertainment; Joanne Votaw, publicity; and Kathy Roath, decorations.

by Bill Lowry



Tom and Violet enjoy Steve's new songs.



YOUTH CORPORATION, IS





ABOVE: Steering Committee (Clockwise): Reed Sprunger, Art Chairman; Randy Grieser, Technical Chairman; Tracy Barrett, Chairman; Mr. Snider, Advisor; Mr. Gerig, Advisor; Jeff Hoffman, Treasurer; Debbie

Kehl, Assistant Chairman; Mike Barb, Program Chairman; Faith Ewert, Secretary; Marti Fox, Publicity; Mr. Widder, Advisor; BELOW: Tom Murphy, Conference Speaker.



My youth director laughed at me because I had never been on the turnpike before. That hurt my feelings, but I was too excited to care much. The five of us had crammed all of our baggage in the trunk and our odds and ends inside the car, and there I was sitting between two girls on my way to my first Youth Conference at Fort Wayne Bible College.

Northern Ohio wasn't much to see in early April, and the farther west we got the flatter it got and the fewer trees there were. I was glad my youth director and his wife kept talking because I couldn't think of enough things to say to girls for five hours.

The sights going into Fort Wayne reminded me of Akron with its factories and older homes. I didn't even see the Bible College until we were right there. It was Sunday morning before I figured out that the First Missionary Church and the building across South Wayne Avenue weren't part of the college. All the buildings run together it seems.

Susie saw the sign, Youth Conference Registration, on the tree first so we followed the arrows to the library. The three of us kids got in the line inside the back door of the library. I hate lines like that where everybody in charge knows what's going on, and I don't know anything. They gave us packets with our names on them, and then at several places I signed up for this and that. At the front door I paid for a meal ticket that they told me I needed to guard with my life. There were two really pretty girls working at those tables. The others were all right.

I thought I was in trouble because I knew I couldn't find Schultz Hall where I was supposed to stay. Have you ever been in a new place expecting everything to go wrong and yet wanting to look like you know what's going on? Anyway, this guy at the front door said he was a bellhop and asked me where I needed to go. We went back to the car to tell Bill how to get me to Schultz and the girls to Bethany.

Bill drove us over there and found the two dorms right next to each other. There were guys all over Schultz showing high school kids where their rooms were. I carried my stuff to the second floor and met Tom and Bob, the guys whose room I was staying in. What small rooms! I'd never thought about a college dorm, but it sure isn't like a bedroom at home. They had it fixed up pretty good, and I'm pretty sure they cleaned it for Youth Conference because of all of the stuff that was stacked in the closet.

Tom and Bob showed me where the dining hall was and left. I went over at 5:30. I didn't realize how hungry I was. It didn't take too long to get in and the food was great—roast beef and mashed potatoes. I wish my high school would try that menu. All the college kids were in there eating already, and I felt like an outsider again. So I put on my tough guy look and stared back. That made me feel better.

I found Susie and Carol to eat with because I didn't see Tom and Bob. They were probably almost





done anyway. After dinner we went outside to look around. Sue and Carol wanted to meet Tom and Bob. That was all I needed—getting two college guys mad at me for sending a bunch of high school girls after them.

We went to look over the auditorium before the first meeting. College people were rushing around getting ready. The room was long and older than the auditorium at school and it smelled funny. One guy said he'd heard that there had been a fire there that week. I couldn't see any damage, but that too sweet smell of air freshener was going to take some getting used to.

The meeting started early and two singing groups performed for more than half an hour. They were really good—especially the second group. It was larger and had more songs. I was ready to leave when the speaker came on, but he was good too. He looked like a strong man; he told good stories, and I liked what he said about God wanting us to be number one. That made me feel good.

There was a band concert after that which wasn't so good. The music was old fashioned—marches and stuff like my folks listen to—and the floor was hard to sit on. I had better things to do. I wanted to leave and start getting to know other people, but the skinny guy with kinky hair said we should relax and have a good time. So I stayed.

After the concert I went back to the dorm and got ready for bed. The dorm was noisy for a while. There were a lot of people under one roof. Bob and Tom were really crazy, and I liked them a lot for making me feel at home and asking me questions about school and stuff. We stayed up pretty late.

Bob and Tom woke me up early the next morning so that I could go to the thing called Reflection. I really didn't want to get up but they said it would be good. I went to the shower room and couldn't believe all the people. There wasn't an empty shower anywhere, and I couldn't even see the sinks for all the guys. You could tell the high schoolers from the students

because all the guys my age were standing around waiting in line for a shower and all the college guys were using them. I didn't think I'd get a shower so I went back to the room and hoped that my deodorant would do what it was supposed to do that day. After I got dressed I headed over to the auditorium to see what was happening.

I got there just in time for the start. That skinny guy came out with a bunch of other people. I thought they were going to sing but instead they talked. They introduced themselves as the executive committee. It sounded impressive so I listened. It was interesting and sometimes funny. I couldn't believe that they were college students because they sounded so human. They laughed at their mistakes and they sang a few songs with us. That was pretty good.

Next I went to the seminars on the different things the school offered. That was all right. I finally learned what was meant by a "Christian Education major." I always thought it was for everybody because everybody needed a Christian education. How was I to know that Christian Education was a specific area of study.

I was too tired from sitting for that hour to do anything but go back to the room for a while. Maybe Bob and Tom would let me hang around there for a while. When I got back they were planning to do something, and they told me that it was for the fair that afternoon. It was fun to hear how excited they were.

We went to lunch after a while. I was sure hungry, but I was the last one in the line. Again I felt left out. But I was lucky enough to stand behind a real cute girl from Elkhart, Indiana, who was about my age. She was friendly, and I got to know her pretty good. She said her name was Linda and that she was here for the first time too. We talked for a long time and I was going to sit with her, but Bob and Tom called me over to sit with them. So I did and Linda sat all the way on the other side of the cafeteria.





After lunch I got ready to go to the ETCETERA thing. I saw them setting it up, and it looked like fun. It was a little cold out, but I figured I'd have fun anyway. I was almost hoping to see Linda again. As soon as I got there I saw the dunking booth. It seemed like everybody was over there; so I looked around for a while. I heard that there was going to be a play in the auditorium so I thought I would check that out. It was called the "Lost Elevator," and it was funny. I didn't think I would like the play, but I did, and so I went to it the second time. It was funny then too. I hurried back to the other place to see what was happening and it took me about four minutes to get across the street. By the time I got across, the place was closing down, but I went around once more to watch the people do the stunts. The dunking booth was still crowded, and they were throwing balls at a girl. She was cute and I felt sorry for her because she looked so cold and wet. I almost bought a ticket and took my chance so that I could miss her on purpose and give her a chance to get warm, but I didn't. I went down to the other events and was surprised to see how little participation there was. Maybe it was too cold. Then I went inside the building called Witmer Hall and looked around at all the stuff that was being sold in the store thing. I didn't know that some of the college people made that stuff till I heard someone talk about it later on.

Well, it was getting around eating time again. Back over to the long line of lonely people waiting to eat. Maybe Linda would be there. I didn't bother to go back to the room because I knew Tom and Bob wouldn't be able to eat with me anyway. I got back in line and again I felt all alone. I hadn't seen Susie or Carol all day so I looked for them for a while. I couldn't find them but while I was looking I saw Linda. That was close enough for me. The next thing I knew, I was bumping into the girl in front of me. I don't know how I attracted all those girls this weekend, but I sure didn't mind it. I apologized to the girl and she just

blushed and said that it was "O.K." I asked her her name, and she said it was Kathy. She seemed real sweet, and I tried to ask her some other questions to keep the conversation going. We sat down at the same table, and I had my best meal of the whole weekend. I don't remember what it was, but it sure was good.

That night I went to the service. They had another group sing this time. They were good too. I was really tired by the time the speaker came out, but I listened and really got a blessing. I still remember when that guy, Tracy, got hit in the face with the pie. Wow! What a mess.

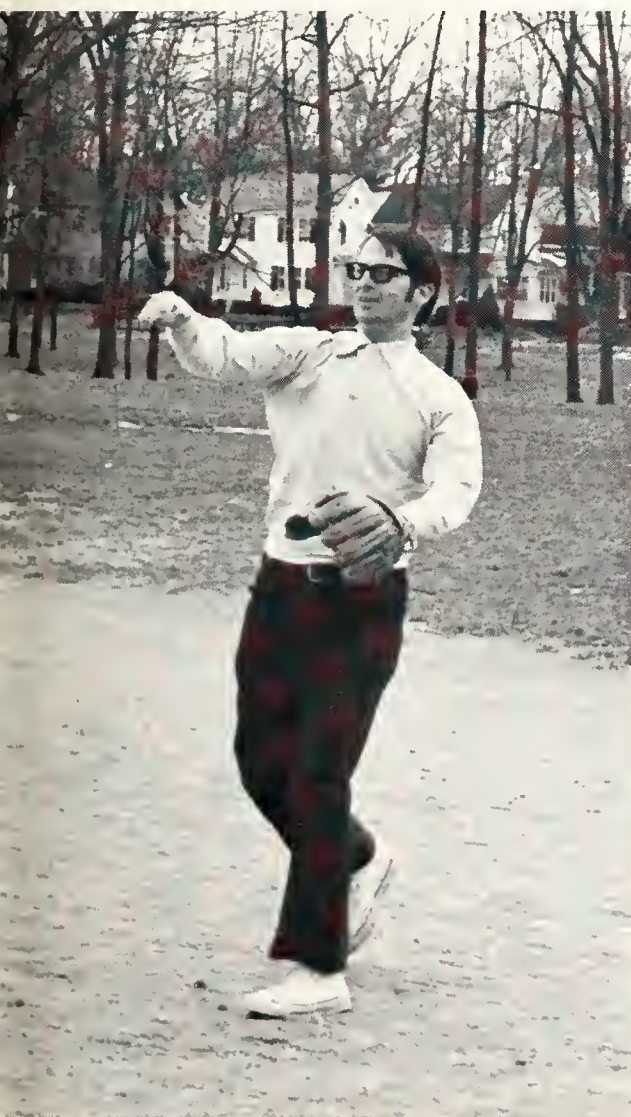
The next thing that happened was called FOLLIES B.C. It was the funniest thing I'd seen in a long time. My favorite skits were the two with the little doll and the football play. I liked the one where the offering guy played around with the mike stand too. I really liked the doll skit because I think the girl was the same one that was in the dunking booth. The whole thing was funny, but I wished it had lasted longer.

After that we went over to the Kampus Korner to get something to eat. I'd never seen so many kids before. We had to go upstairs and then back downstairs to put in the orders. Then we waited for a long time to get the food. By the time I got my food, I wasn't hungry, and it was a little cold.

I finally saw Tom and Bob leaving the Kampus Korner, so I ran after them and guess what? They were with Susie and Carol. If that wasn't bad enough, Linda was walking with some guy too! Oh, well, such is life.

I went back to the room and started getting things together so that I could leave right after lunch tomorrow. I was tired and I guess most of the other guys were to because they started coming back to the dorm. Finally Bob and Tom came in, and we sat around and talked for a while. They were beat; so we quickly called it a night and hit the sack. We didn't get much sleep, though, because everyone else in the dorm was still going through all the skits they saw, and some of the guys were





singing the theme song. But as tired as I was I quickly fell asleep.

The next day was Sunday. That meant Sunday school and church. I didn't want to go at first, but I decided I'd better before Tom and Bob killed me. Sunday school was unique. We saw this movie on prayer. It was humorous because this guy complained that his prayers weren't answered, and so an angel came down and took him to heaven so that he could operate a switchboard to see how he would respond. The two teachers were funny too. One of them looked like a teenager and the other looked like Mitch Miller because of his beard. But they were funny.

Shortly after Sunday School, we had church. The service was different from all the others this weekend because it was just like a regular church service. The speaker was good again, and I really enjoyed listening to him.

Again it was time for lunch—the last one—and I was sad in a way because I was going to be leaving soon, and I really was getting used to the place. I really had a good time and I wasn't ready to say good-bye to good old B.C. I kept thinking about it all during lunch. God sure taught me a lot this weekend. I was glad I could come, and I couldn't wait till next year when I could come again. I wanted to stay with Bob and Tom again and see the kids I met again and some day I'd even be a student. That was exciting.

After packing everything into Bill's car, we started back. I was happy inside knowing that it had been worth all the money I spent and all the time it took to get here. It was a good weekend, and I can't wait to get home and share it with all my friends, even if I didn't get Linda's address.

by Tracy Barrett and Joseph Snider



Fires Spark Unity

Wailing sirens . . . whining engines . . . flashing lights . . . Fire engines racing to put out a fire is a distant experience to most of us . . . something to observe . . . something to thank God for sparing us from . . . perhaps even something which prompts us to send up a quick prayer for those who are experiencing loss at that particular moment.

While fires at FWBC have not been a frequent occurrence, recently we experienced two fires within three days of each other. The first occurred in the maintenance shop Sunday afternoon, April 6. One of the men on the maintenance crew was inside welding when a spark from the welding torch rolled across the floor into some brooms standing behind the front door and they burst into flames. He first attempted to throw them outside the building, but burnt his hands; so then he emptied two nearby fire extinguishers on the fast spreading blaze. The blaze was almost extinguished when he ran into Founders for another extinguisher

and shouted for someone to call the fire department, but the inside front wall was engulfed when he returned and thus was forced to wait until the fire department arrived to extinguish it.

After the fire was out and everyone was gone, several students donated a couple hours of their time to help clean up the place and save as many of the valuable tools as possible from further rust damage. Damage to the building itself was estimated at \$5,000 with an additional \$4,000 estimated for tools and supplies. Insurance covered only half of these damages. While the city has condemned the building, they will allow us to use it until April 1976. According to Ed Reynolds, Physical Plant Director, "There is a possibility of building a new shop."

The following Wednesday night, during Youth Conference rehearsal, a fire broke out in the west entrance of Founders. Straw which was being used for archery targets caught fire, and smoke quickly filled the gym and

chapel. The fire was too hot to use any extinguishers on it so the doors were shut in an attempt to suffocate the fire. This action certainly helped contain the blaze and when the fire department arrived the fire was quickly extinguished. The gym floor and the cafeteria ceilings were partially damaged and the smoke damage was extensive. Estimates of the damage ran close to \$3,000. According to Mr. Reynolds, the fire department said that the fire appears as if it could have been set. However at this point there is no clear proof of the cause of the fire.

Again students pitched in and donated their time to help clean-up after the fire. Most of the clean-up was completed by the time Youth Conference arrived. There was a spirit of unity evident in the clean-up which carried over into Youth Conference. It seemed like Satan was hard at work trying to discourage us and yet through it all the Lord brought the college family together.

by Stan Eash

Students Awarded For Endeavors



Leslie McLouth ("PeeWee") is presented the Senator-of-the-Year Award by S.A. Pres. Charles



Mr. Birkey presents Pam Healy with a check from Alpha Kappa for her Greek sermon.

Nearly 25 people were recognized in Honors Chapel, May 1.

WHO'S WHO: Marsha Barta, Rick Engle, Brad Grabill, Debbie Greenawalt, Greg Hullinger, Pam Kawasaki, Nick Lee, Bill Lowry, Gary Oser, and Darla Schoch.

DELTA EPSILON CHI: Marsha Barta, Wava Bueschlen, Rick Engle, Brad Grabill, Gary Oser, Darla Schoch, Dave Clark (honorary), Morris Jacobson (honorary).

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY AWARD: Jim Vanderwoude.

CO-CURRICULAR AWARDS:

Stan Eash, Rita McName.

ROY MEYER SCHOLARSHIP: John Jones.

ALPHA KAPPA SERMON AWARDS: Todd Habegger, first; Dina Kinnan and Geoff Eubank, second; Pam Healy, third.

TWO SEMESTERS OF "A" WORK IN GREEK: Dennis Barta and Randy Oser.

SENATOR OF THE YEAR AWARD: Leslie McLouth.

CITATION FOR 25 YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE COLLEGE: Cyril Eicher



Jim VanderWoude receives his "Czech" Bible.



Alumni Enjoy The

On a warm, spring evening, May 9, the largest FWBC annual Alumni Dinner happened under a big-top behind Witmer Hall. From 6:30 to 7:30 approximately 850 dined on barbecued chicken and reminisced with classmates and professors.

The hour-and-a-half program in the chapel was emceed by Paul Robbins, '60. Members of the classes of 1925, 1950, 1965, and 1975 were recognized. The famed Melody Four (Clair Hess, first tenor; Glen Jorian, second tenor; Ray Felten, baritone; and Bill Pearce, bass; plus Larry Mayfield, accompanist) performed

two 20-minute musical packages. In between the sections of music, a multi-media presentation was given by Grant Hoatson, consisting of slides and movies of life around campus on three screens.

John Steiner, '63, alumni president, presented the first Alumnus-of-the-Year award to Joseph Pitzer, '55, local public-school educator. The awards to the outstanding senior man and woman went to Brad Grabill and Marsha Hainline Barta. They each received a folder of 50 silver dollars to commemorate this bicentennial year.



Bill Pearce romps through a spiritual.



The Melody Four sing "Songs in the Night."



The tables were long, the lines were short, and the food was good.



Robbins interviews Tom Florence, '50.

Big 70th

Paul Robbins interviewed representatives of the student body—tiny Rosanne Ogden and tall Todd Habegger, who in their words and person could let the alumni know the product of the college is still excellent. Opportunity was given to make a commitment to FWBC in one of four programs for giving.



Cyril Eicher has a warm handshake for returning alumni.

GRADUATION '75

Senior-Parent Reception

Graduation '75 brings a variety of memories. Parents and relatives have certain memories; campus friends have others; and the seniors have their special ones—some of sorrow, some of joy.

The graduation activities began Saturday evening with the Senior-Parent Reception. In a program preceding the reception, Dr. Warner did his ever-popular operatic aria, "Old Mother Hubbard," and Mr. Widder led us in his famous T-E-A-M cheer with somersaults. Ira Gerig played his "Jesus Loves Me," and then Dr. Warner interviewed four "typical seniors."

As I sat there enjoying the program, memories began flooding my mind . . .



ABOVE: Dr. Tim performing his famous operatic aria, "Old Mother Hubbard." BELOW: At the reception it's shaking hands with one person while talking to another for Dean Willis.



Even Ira cannot believe how Mr. Widder gets carried away.



Dr. Tim and Ira congratulate themselves on their performance.

I remember that September afternoon five years ago when my family brought me to school, and I wondered if this was really where God wanted me. All that freshman year there was Survey with Dr. Ed at 10:15 in the chapel. And then those freshman romances . . . I still wonder what went wrong. There are memories of dorm life in Schultz with Max Wanner, our supervisor . . . working in KK in Schultz and then Leightner. . . memories of classes: Homiletics, Theology, Greek, Corinthians, Anthropology, and on and on . . . Youth Conferences and SMF, and working on Missions Conference with Mark Klinepeter and Mrs. Warner . . . memories of the "SMF is dead" quote and the reactions it caused . . . memories of my C.S. assignments and being an S.A. in Schultz . . . memories of growth as a student all leading up to the day of Graduation.

MEMORIES

Baccalaureate And Commencement



ABOVE: Dr. Wes, Baccalaureate speaker, smiles as he attempts to bring his point across. BELOW: John Jones and Todd Habegger, flag-bearers, lead the processional of speakers, governing board, faculty, and seniors along Rudisill on the way to Founders.

Who could forget the beautiful day Sunday, especially when it was a direct answer to prayer? While the weatherman had been predicting rain all weekend, not a drop of his forecast fell until sometime after 6:30; and by then almost everyone was gone and all that remained were memories of the day.

Although the weather certainly added to the day, it was the services which really made the day. The Baccalaureate service was a fantastical worship experience. After the chorale sang "Psalm 150" and my favorite song, "If My People Will Pray" (taken from II Chron. 7:14), Dr. Wes Gerig spoke on "The Search to Beat All." He stressed our need for (1) concentration on the goal, (2) continuance in the groove, and (3) confidence in our God. This message taken from Mt. 6:33 seemed to be tailor-made just for me. Tears slowly trickled down my cheeks as the Holy Spirit spoke through Dr. Wes and challenged me to "continue seeking first His Kingdom and His Righteousness."

After returning from a delightful meal with my family, it was time to head over to Schultz to prepare for the long final march. As we began our march into Founders I kept thinking to myself. "This is it, Stan, you're finally going to make it." Even all the pomp and excitement that surrounds graduation could not overshadow the memories still floating through my mind of the Baccalaureate message.





Various expressions on the faces of these seniors seem to express the thoughts on their minds as they march along Rudisill on their way to the Commencement exercises.



ABOVE: Dr. Warner and Dean Willis place the collar on J. Francis Chase, recipient of the Doctor of Humane Letters, honoris causa.
BELOW: The Senior Ensemble singing before the address.



Dr. Kenneth O. Gangel, President of Miami Christian College and a member of our Governing Board, spoke for the Commencement service. "Don't Blow Your Mind" was the catchy title of his address, and it was a challenge for us to use our minds to their greatest potential. Dr. Gangel cautioned us not to blow our minds through (1) benign neglect, (2) spiritual or mental pride, or (3) sin.

Then it was time to receive our diplomas, and as I shook Dr. Warner's hand I felt like shouting. Now after five years, it was finally over. I checked to see if my diploma was there and sure enough it was. I must have passed Romans after all.

As we marched out, I flashed a big smile for Mom's camera as I passed my family. Clutching my diploma I thought, "Wow, after five years all I get is a piece of paper in a pretty case." But then I realized that I have more than a piece of paper to take with me after these years of training. For I take with me memories—fond memories in spite of the hassles and problems, and memories too numerous to be included in this article.

Should the Lord tarry another five years, I know many of these memories will have passed from my mind by then, but one memory of Graduation '75 will always remain—the challenge for me to continue seeking first His Kingdom and His righteousness in whatever ministry He may have called me.

by Stan Eash

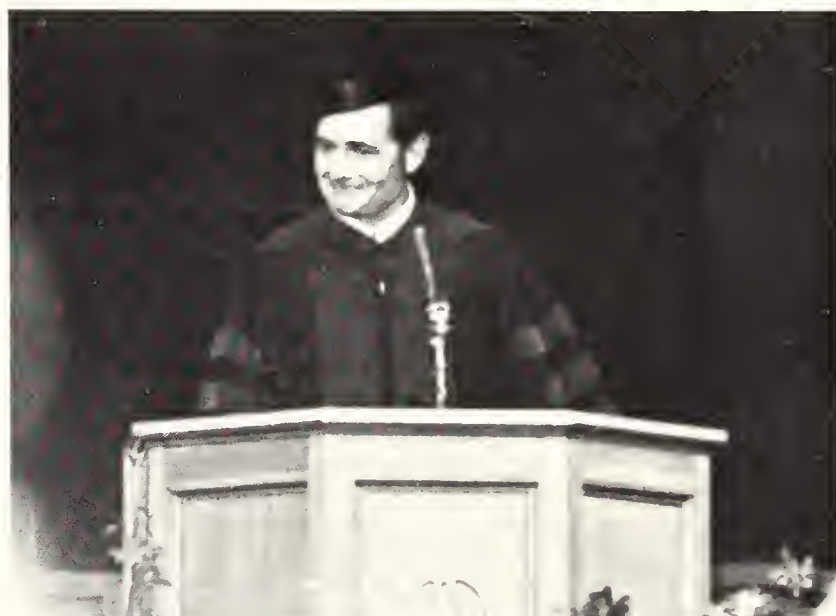
Memories Of The Day May 11, 1975



ABOVE: The distinguished seniors stand at the front of the auditorium after their march into the Commencement service. BELOW: Dr. Kenneth O. Gangel, President of Miami Christian College and member of our governing board, addressing the graduating seniors.



ABOVE: Steve and Mark Beigle, Tracy Barrett, Joan Guth, Judy Engle, and Anne Amstutz express differing reactions as they march down the aisle for the last time as students. BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Foltz and Joanne Votaw relax outside with Tom Foltz realizing that his days as a student are over, but the memories will go on.



A Word From The Editors:

This third issue represents a multitude of activities which occurred the last semester of school, 1975. These activities helped us to set aside our school books and other tasks, and put our energies into other things. They are all a part of our life, and hopefully you will be able to remember some of them in the coming years through this issue. Someone once said "Remembrance is a form of meeting." Let's hope that that's true with this issue.

This issue was also a way in which we could recognize four people in our college family: Dr. and Mrs. Warner, Orly Hake, and Ira Gerig. You know sometimes we take these people for granted and don't really recognize what they do. This a special thanks to those people, and for their ministry among us.

Todd Habegger is another who is recognized for the award he received, and most of all, for the example he portrayed to others of what Fort Wayne Bible College is all about. May the Lord bless him in whatever will the Lord has for him.

Also, we, the editors, would like to thank many for their time . . . and endurance in putting out this last issue of the Vine. There were actually very few working for a publication of this size, but the ones who did work, did a good job. Many people helped out in last minute situations, which were essential to the publication of this issue. Long hours were put in with writing copy and

doing layouts. Many more hours were put in rewriting, typing, and redoing layouts to the editors' liking. A lot of this work is evident in this issue of the Vine.

We'd like to thank Eunice Conrad and Alice Joy Weddle for their patience in working with us, and also their advice. Both put in long hours after school was out to help with the issue.

Two people we would like to especially thank were our photographers, Reed Sprunger and Randy Costello. They were always there when pictures needed to be taken and their job was done with no second thoughts. They enjoyed doing it and the pictures that they took were quite good. They deserve special recognition.

Stan Eash is another to be thanked. His help after school was out really helped. He wrote copy and drew up layouts so that we could get this issue to the publishers on time.

One other person is to be thanked. He is the one who gave us the ability to put together this issue. He is the one who made us, and our world. He is also the one who gave us the gift of eternal life through the death of His only son. It is to Him that we dedicate this issue.

The Editors

*George Cross
and
Bill Campbell*

Business Manager: Gwynne Colestock

